

A NOISY CONVENTION.

One in Which Comanches and Panthers Were Outshrieked.

The noisiest, the jolliest, the most exciting and perhaps least logical campaign was that of 1840. William Henry Harrison, hero of an Indian victory at Tippecanoe, a plain old man who had lived, his opponents sneeringly said, in a log cabin decorated with coonskins and had drunk hard cider, was selected by Thurlow Weed as a better candidate than Henry Clay.

The issues between Van Buren, the Democratic candidate, and Harrison were not clearly drawn, but the adroit circumstances of Harrison's early life were skillfully utilized for theatrical effects. Processions miles long with log cabins, elder barrels and coonskin caps on poles stretched from state to state. Glee clubs were a feature of the campaign, and the Indian fighter was fairly sung into office.

In the convention of 1860 began the modern custom of cheering and counter cheering. The Seward contingent gave a parade the day of the convention. While they were marching Lincoln supporters filled the Wigwam. With the naming of the candidates began the cheering. Murat Halstead said that when Seward was nominated and seconded "the shouting was absolutely frantic, shrill and wild. Comanches or panthers never struck a higher note or gave screams with more infernal intensity. Looking from the stage over the vast amphitheater, nothing was to be seen below but thousands of hats—a black, mighty swarm of hats flying with the velocity of hornets over a mass of human heads, most of the mouths of which were open."

But when Lincoln's nomination was seconded the west was heard from. "I thought the Seward yell could not be surpassed," said Halstead, "but the Lincoln boys were clearly ahead and feeling their victory as there was a lull in the storm, took deep breaths all around and gave a scream that was positively awful and accompanied it with stamping that made every plank and pillar in the building quiver."

On the third ballot Lincoln was nominated. The shouting was so deafening that the cannon which was discharged on the roof of the building could not be heard inside. — Chicago Record-Herald.

PERILOUS SLEEPWALKING.

The Tragedy on Which Bellini Wrote His Celebrated Opera.

Somnambulists can maintain their footing in the most perilous places so long as they remain in a state of somnambulism, but if suddenly awakened they instantly lose their self possession and balance.

On one occasion a young woman living in Dresden was seen at midnight walking on the edge of the roof of her house. Her family were immediately told of her plight, but were afraid to go near her. The neighbors gathered about the house and placed mattresses and blankets along the street in hopes that they might save her in case she fell.

She danced for over an hour on the slanting roof, apparently retaining her balance without difficulty, and every now and then she would advance to the edge and bow to the silent crowd standing many feet below her.

At last she climbed down on to the wide gutter which ran in front of the window through which she had come, with the evident intention of re-entering the house. The crowd watching her so intently drew a sigh of relief. But, unfortunately, her terrified relatives, thinking to assist her, had placed two lighted candles in the room near the window, and as she approached the light fell directly in her eyes.

Instantly the shock awakened her, and she swayed back and forth in her perilous position; then, with a frightful scream, she fell headlong to the ground. She was fatally hurt and died in a few hours. It was on this tragedy that Bellini wrote his celebrated opera "La Sonnambula."—Washington Post.

The Tragic Loco Weed.

The abominable Mexican plant known as the loco weed has the peculiar property of making irrational both men and beasts who partake of it. Horses and cattle on the prairies after grazing upon it go crazy, and a "locoed" pony will perform all kinds of queer antics. It is said that if a man comes under its spell he never regains his senses, the insanity produced by it being incurable. It is said that the loss of mind of the ill fated Carlotta was no doubt due to the fact that some enemy drugged her with a preparation of loco, although history has it that she went insane by reason of her husband's execution.—Baltimore American.

A Gentle Husband.

Woman (to her husband, busily engaged writing)—My dear, correctly speaking, what is a dentist? Husband (crossly)—Derived from dent, French for teeth, a man who pulls teeth. (Husband settles down to writing again.) Wife—My dear, you said this morning that linguist was derived from the Latin lingua, a tongue. Husband (crossly)—Yes. Wife—Well, dear, is a linguist a man who pulls out tongues? Husband—No, madam, but I wish he did.—London Answers.

The Best Man.

"Why is it," asked the dear girl, "that the bridegroom's attendant is called the 'best man'?" "I suppose it's because he is the best off," growled the fussy old bachelor.—Kansas City Newsbook.

A PEDDLER'S JOKE.

It Had a Sharp Turn That Took All the Fun Out of It.

One day a peddler of tinware stopped at a country house in New England and, leaving his horse and wagon at the gate, went to the door, where a big woman with a rather pleasant face met him. He told her what he had for sale and succeeded in disposing of half a dozen articles to her. Then she said that she had not money enough to buy more.

"Well, ma'am," said the peddler, "I'll take rags if you have any."

"I have none to sell," answered the woman.

The peddler saw at least a dozen children, all small, about the house and the yard, and he suddenly thought of a joke that he might play on the woman.

"You seem to have plenty of children," he said. "Maybe you might sell me one of them and take the pay in tinware."

"What will you give?" said the woman.

"I'll give \$10," said the man, "all in the best tinware."

"Well, sir," said the woman, "it's a bargain; take your pick of the lot."

The peddler was surprised that his joke was working so well, but he kept a very serious face, and, selecting a very bright looking little fellow of six years, he took him up and put him on the seat of the wagon and then gave the woman \$10 worth of such articles as she wanted.

Never doubting that the mother would repent of her bargain and give him, to redeem the boy, \$10 in money the minute she saw him starting off, he climbed up on the seat, touched up his horse and drove off. He drove very slowly, however, for he expected every second to hear the woman call him back, for how could he think for a moment that a mother would sell her child for a lot of tinware?

But she did not call him back, much to his amazement, while, as for the boy, he was in high glee, for he was going to have a drive. Presently the peddler, fearing that the joke had been turned on him, drove back to the gate. Lifting the disappointed little fellow down from the wagon, he went with him to the door, where he found that the woman had just finished arranging her new tin nicely on her shelves.

"I think the boy will not do, after all," said the peddler, "and you had better take him back and let me have my tin."

"No, sir!" cried the woman. "A bargain's a bargain, and you must stick to it!"

"Why, ma'am," said the man, "surely you wouldn't sell your little son for a lot of tinware?"

"Oh," answered the woman, "I have no children, mister. The boys and girls you see here are pauper children, and as you seem to be a good sort of man I'll sell you as many of 'em as you want for \$10 apiece."

The peddler stared at her for a minute in speechless amazement, and then, turning suddenly toward his wagon, he drove away as fast as his horse could take him.

But he left his tins behind him.—Pittsburg Press.

His Modest Request.

Your regular "professional" tramp has a sharp tongue and is not slow to use it when occasion arises.

A farmer's wife had curtly refused the usual request for a night's lodging from a gentleman of this fraternity.

"Well, then, ma'am," said the tramp, "would you mind if I slept in that big meadow there behind your barn?"

"No," said the woman in a magnanimous tone, "you may sleep there if you like."

"One thing more, ma'am," said the tramp, "before I say good night. Will you please have me called at 4 sharp? I want to catch the cattle train to market."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Lacked Relief.

A good many of the Sac and Fox Indians do not talk much, and when they are in a store and see something they want they pick it up and pay for it. When Tom Hall was keeping a drug store an Indian woman entered it and picked up a can of varnish and paid for it. A few weeks later the same woman was in again and Tom asked her if she wanted another can. She said no, they couldn't eat the can she had.—Stroud (Okla.) Messenger.

A Golf Outrage.

The Earl of Wemyss was on a Fife golf course one occasion accompanied by an old caddy. His lordship got his ball on one occasion so near the hole that to play it was, as it appeared to him, superfluous. So he simply tipped it in with the toe of his boot.

The caddy revolted instantly, threw down the clubs and looked horrified. When he found words to speak it was to say, "Hang it, me lord, gowf's gowf!"

Satin Ashes.

Small Nellie read aloud from her Sunday school lesson as follows: "And the king of Nineveh covered himself with sackcloth and sat in ashes."

This was a puzzler, and finally she said, "Mamma, what kind of ashes is satin ashes?"—Chicago News.

Fault Finding.

Nothing is easier than fault finding. No talent, no self denial, no brains, no character is required to set up in the grumbling business, but those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.

RECKLESS AARON BURR.

The Dramatic Story of His Marriage in Old Age.

The story of Aaron Burr's marriage in his old age to the widow of Stephen Jumel, who was well known in the early history of New York city, is a dramatic one.

Conceive, if you will, the picture of Burr, gifted adventurer that he was, broken in health, branded in the popular mind as the murderer of Alexander Hamilton and returning from a long exile to find himself an outcast in the city where he had once been the political monarch of all he surveyed and a distinguished figure in society and at the bar. Conceive, if you can, this lamentable old man, smirking through his wrinkles, bowing and prancing rather stiffly because of his rheumatic joints and with his mouth full of pretty platitudes, paying court to the widow of Stephen Jumel, herself in the prime of years and health. Remove from the picture its surface incongruities, and you have a bit of pure pathos unequalled in the annals of foolish great men.

But something of his old time power to charm the gentler sex must have stood by him in his years of mental and physical misery, for in his suit for the widow Jumel's hand and fortune he won gloriously, dramatically. Rebuffed repeatedly, Burr finally declared in passionate rage that on a given day he would arrive at the Jumel mansion accompanied by a clergyman, who should marry them on the spot. He would give his prospective bride no quarter, no chance of escape from the inevitable.

She was amused at the threat and dismissed the old man with more than her usual coldness of demeanor. Burr stuck to his avowal and one July day rolled up in a carriage, and with him was a minister, the same who fifty years before performed the marriage ceremony for Burr and the mother of his daughter, the beautiful Theodosia. There was something of a scene in the old house on this day. There were tears of anger on the part of Burr. Relatives remonstrated; Burr remained immovable. All feared a scandal. The minister, book in hand, stood unobtrusively in the background. There were more tears, more declarations of undying love, and the widow Jumel became Mrs. Aaron Burr.

They were married in the great drawing room of the Jumel mansion. Burr squandered with reckless hand the wealth acquired by Stephen Jumel and left for the enjoyment of his marital partner. There were many bitter quarrels between the ill matched pair, and they were soon divorced. Burr died in 1836, but madam lived until 1865, dying a recluse and a miser, the money received from the Jumel estate hoarded in an unused chamber.

Stones and Glass Houses.

The origin of the saying, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," is as follows: At the time of the union of England and Scotland London was inundated with Scotchmen, and the London roughs used to go about at night breaking their windows. Buckingham being considered the chief instigator of the mischief, a party of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the duke's mansion, known as the Glass House. The court favorite appealed to the king, who replied, "Steele, Steele, those who live in glass houses should be careful how they fling stones!"—New York American.

Mathematics at Oxford.

There is an interesting story which shows the disposition of Oxford toward mathematics. A venerable don who had bought half a dozen books at 3s. 6d. each requested the bookseller to give him a piece of paper for the purpose of arriving at the amount. He then wrote down 3s. 6d. six times, one under the other, and was slowly adding them up when the shopman ventured to point out the shorter method of multiplying one 3s. 6d. by 6. "Dear me!" exclaimed the don. "Really, that is most ingenious, most ingenious!"—London Globe.

Anticipating Him.

Night after night the exceedingly quiet and backward youth had called on a neighboring farmer's daughter, sitting perfectly mute beside her while she did all the entertaining. This night, however, the youth, wishing for a glass of water, suddenly surprised her by blurting out, "Say, Sal, will you?"

"Don't exert yourself, Reuben," she interrupted. "I understand. Yes, have you brought the ring?"—Bohemian Magazine.

Subscribe to the Morning Astoria.

PERFECT PRINTING PLATES IN ONE OR MANY COLORS LARGEST FACILITIES IN THE WEST FOR THE PRODUCTION OF HIGH GRADE WORK RATES AS LOW AS EASTERN HOUSES HICKS-CHATTEN ENGRAVING CO. 2d & Alder, PORTLAND, ORE.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Astoria Nat'l Bank

At Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, July 13, 1908:

Table with 2 columns: RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, U. S. Bonds, Deposits, etc.

Table with 2 columns: RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, etc.

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss: I, J. E. Higgins, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of July, 1908. E. Z. FERGUSON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: GEORGE W. WARREN, GEO. H. GEORGE, A. SCHENCK. Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

First National Bank

Of Astoria, at Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, July 15, 1908:

Table with 2 columns: RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, U. S. Bonds, Deposits, etc.

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss: I, S. S. Gordon, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of July, 1908. V. BOELLING, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: G. C. FLAVEL, W. F. MCGREGOR, J. WESLEY LADD. Directors.

Kemp's Balsam is a safe cough cure, for it contains nothing that can harm you. It is the best cough cure, but costs no more than any other kind. All druggists sell it.

When you need a cough cure you need one that will cure your cough. Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure, will do it. All druggists sell it for 25 cents.

FINANCIAL

J. Q. A. BOWLBY, President. FRANK PATTON, Cashier. O. I. PETERSON, Vice-President. J. W. GARNER, Assistant Cashier.

Astoria Savings Bank

Capital Paid in \$115,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$100,000. Transacts a General Banking Business—Interest Paid on Time Deposits FOUR PER CENT PER ANNUM. Eleventh and Duane Sts. Astoria, Oregon.

A LITTLE OVER 3 CENTS A DAY

A Small Savings Bank. A Small Savings Account. An Example in Thrift. A Small Fortune. A happy home.

THE BANKING SAVINGS AND LOAN ASS'N. 168 10th St. Phone Black 2184

First National Bank of Astoria

Table with 2 columns: DIRECTORS and Financial Summary. Includes names like Jacob Kamm, W. F. McGregor, G. C. Flavel, etc.

SCANDINAVIAN-AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK

ASTORIA, OREGON. OUR MOTTO: "Safety Supercedes All Other Consideration."

Sherman Transfer Co.

HENRY SHERMAN, Manager. Hacks, Carriages—Baggage Checked and Transferred—Trucks and Furniture Wagons—Pianos Moved, Boxed and Shipped. 433 Commercial Street. Main Phone 121

A SUMMER DRINK

Unfermented Grape Juice absolutely non-alcoholic. Concord.....50c quart. Catawba.....60c quart.

AMERICAN IMPORTING CO.

589 Commercial Street

Fisher Brothers Company

SOLE AGENTS: Barbour and Finlayson Salmon Twines and Netting, McCormick Harvesting Machines, Oliver Chilled Ploughs, Malthoid Roofing, Sharples Cream Separators, Raecolith Flooring, Storrett's Tools.

Hardware, Groceries, Ship Chandlery

Tan Bark, Blue Stone, Muriatic Acid, Welch Coal, Tar, Ash Oars, Oak Lumber, Pipe and Fittings, Brass Goods, Paints, Oils and Glass. Fisher's Pure Manila Rope, Cotton Twine and Seine Web.

We Want Your Trade FISHER BROS.

BOND STREET

SCOW BAY BRASS & IRON WORKS

ASTORIA, OREGON. IRON AND BRASS FOUNDERS LAND AND MARINE ENGINEERS. Up-to-Date Sawmill Machinery. Prompt attention given to all repairs. 18th and Franklin Ave. Tel. Main 2461